Vol. I. Page 342

A pleasant new Ballad to look upon, How *Mault* deals with every man.

MAs Mault is a Gentleman,
And hath his since the world began
I never in my life knew any man
could match with Master Mault sir,
I never knew any match Mault but once,
The Miller with his rubbing stones
you never saw the like sir.
Mault Mault thou art a Flower,
Belov'd right well in every Bower,
Thou canst not be missing one half hour,
you never &c.
For leping of his stones so close,
Mault gave the Miller a Copper nose,
Sing thou and I will never be foes
but unto thee I'le stick sir,
Mault gave the Miller such a blow
That from his horse he fell full low,
He taught him his Master Mault to know,
you never &c.
Mr Hostesse Maid was much to blame,
To steal Mault away from her Dame,
And in her belly bid the same
you never &c. (head
That when the Mault did work in her
Twice in a day she would be sped
At night she could not go to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet sir.
Then came in Master Smith,
And said that Mault he was a thief,
But malt gave him such a dash in's teeth
you never &c.
For when his Iron was hot and red,
He had such an ach all in his head,
His own Comrades got him to bed
for he was very sick sir.
The Carpenter came a pace to square
And bid Mault come if he dare,
He'd thwack his toes and belly bare,
and him full soundly beat sir.
Both fire he went well armd with chips
Mault hit him right betwixt the lipps
And made him lame on both his hips,
you never, &c.
The Shoomaker sitting on his seat
At Mr. Mault began to fret,
He said he would the knave so beat
with his sharp Spanish knife sir.
But Mault came peeping through the hall,
And did his brains so fiercely mall
He tumbled round and caught a fall
you never, &c.
The Weaver sitting in the Loom,
He threatned Mault a cruel doom
And made him to repulse the room
or throw him in a Dike sir.
Whereat a Court some Weavers kept
And so their Hostess boldly slept,
Tho charged with double pots they slept
you never &c.
The Tinker took the Weavers part
Such furious rage possest his heart,
He took the pot and drank a quart,
his wits were very ripe sir.
For Mault the upper hand so got
He knew not how to pay the shot
But part without the reckoning pot,
and found his stomack sick sir.
The Taylor came to grinde his shears
And shews to Mault what spleen he bears
But soon they fell together by the ears,
and sore each other struck sir.
And when his pressing Iron was hot
He pressed a board instead of a Coat
And sailed home in a feather-bed boat
you never, &c,
The Tinker walking round the pan,
But Mault much feard his deep mouth-can
Though he had conquered many man
and laid him in the Dike sir.
Yet was the Tinker gladly fain
With Mault to have a bout or twain
Till he again was shot ith brain,
you never &c.
Then bespake the Tinker anon
And said he'd prove himself a man,
And laid at Mault till his legs were gone.
you never &c.
The Say or he did curse and ban
He bid the boy go tap the can
He have about with Mault anon.
you never &c.
Aboard they went to try the match,
And long they played at hops and catch,
Till Mault bestow'd him under a hatch,
you never, &c.
Then came a Chapman travelling by
With cheaping long his throat was dry.
And at Master Mault must fly,
and furiously him struck sir.
Till having laid at Mault apace,
Great store of blood was in his face
And he was found in such a case,
you never &c.
The Mason came an Oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take
They bound him to the good Ale stake
you never, &c.
Then Mault began to tell his mind
And ply'd them with Ale, Beer, and Wine
They left the Brick, Axe, Trowel behind,
they could not lay a Brick sir.
Then came the Laborer in his hood,
And saw his two Masters how they stood
He took Master Mault by the hood,
and swore he would him strike sir.
Mault he ran and for fear did weep,
The Laborer he did skip and leap.
But Mault made him into the morter leap,
and there he fell asleep sir.
The Glover came to buy a skin,
Mault hit him right above the chin
The Pewter-John came tumbling in,
you never &c.
And laid on heads and arms and joynts
Took away Gloves and a gross of points
And swore they'd pay him in quarts and (pints
you never &c.
Thus of my Song I'le make an end,
And pray my Host to be my friend,
To give me some drink or money to spend
for Mault and I am quiet sir,

Printed for *F.* Coles, T. Vere, and W. [illegible]